

VENVS AND ADONIS.

*Venia miretur vulgus, mihi flauus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.*



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VENVS

ADONIS

ADONIS



ADONIS


TO THE RIGHT

Honourable,
HENRY WRIOTHESLEY

Earle of SOUTHAMPTON and
Baron of TICHFIELD.

Right Honourable, I know
not how I shall offend in
dedicating my vnpolisht
lines to your Lordship, nor how the
world will censure me for chusing so
strong a prop to support so weake a
burthen: onely if your Honour seeme
but pleased, I account my selfe
A 2 highly

The Epistle, &c.

highly praised, and vow to take
advantage of all idle houres, till I
haue honoured you with some grauer
labour. But if the first heire of my
invention proue deformed, I shall be
sorry it had so noble a God-father,
and neuer after care so barren a
Land, for feare it yeeld me still so
bad a haruest. I leaue it to your
honourable suruey, and your Honour
to your hearts content; which I
wish may alwaies answer your owne
wish, and the Worlds hopefull ex-
pectation.

Your Honours in all dutie,
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



VENUS AND ADONIS.

E Ven as the Sunne with purple coloured face,
Had tane his last leaue of the weeping morne,
Rose-cheek *Adonis* hied him to the chase:
Hunting he lou'd, but loue he laught to scorne:
Sick-thoughted *Venus* makes amaine vnto him,
And like a bold-fac't suter 'gins to wooe him.

Thrice fairer than my selfe (thus she began)
The field's chiefe flower, sweet aboue compare,
Staine to all Nymphs, more louely than a man.
More white and red, than Doves or Roses are :

Nature that made thee, with her selfe at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life,

Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy Steed,
And reine his proud head to the saddle bow.

If thou wilt deigne this fauour, for thy meed,
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know :

Here come and sit, where Serpents neuer hisses,
And being set, Ile smother thee with kisses.

V E N U S and A D O N I S.

And yet not cloy thy lips with leath'd satietie,
But rather famish them amid their plentie,
Making them red and pale with fresh varietie:
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twentie.

A Summers day will seeme an houre but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.

With this, she seizeth on his sweating palme,
The President of pith and liuelihood,
And trembling in her passion calls it balme,
Earths soueraigne salve to doe a Goddesse good:
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force,
Couragiously to plucke him from his horse.

Ouer one arme the lusty Coursers reine,
Vnder the other was the tender Boy,
Who blusht and powted in a dull disdaine,
With leaden appetite, vnapt to toy.

She red and hot, as coales of glowing fire:
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough,
Nimble she fastens, (O, how quicke is loue ?)
The Steed is stalled vp, and even now
To tie the Rider she begins to proue:

Backward she pusht him, as she would be thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

V E N U S and A D O N I S.

So soone was she along, as he was downe,
Each leaning on their elbowes and their hips.
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frowne,
And 'gins to chide, but soone she stops his lips.

And kissing speakes, with lustfull language broken;
If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall neuer open.

He burnes with bashfull shame, she with her teares
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheekes:
Then with her windie sighs, and golden haire,
To fan and blow them drie againe she seekes.

He sayes she is immodest, blames her misse,
What followes more, she smothers with a kisse.

Euen as an emptie Eagle sharpe by fast,
Tires with her beake on feathers, flesh and bone,
Shaking her wings, deuouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuf, or prey be gone:

Euen so she kist his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends, she doth anew begin.

Forc't to content, but neuer to obey,
Panting he lies, and breathing in her face;
Shee feedeth on the steame, as on a prey,
And calls it heauenly moisture, aire of grace,
Wishing her cheekes were gardens full of flowres,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showres.

PENNS and ADONIS.

Looke how a Bird lies tangled in a Net,
So fastned in her armes *Adonis* lies :
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes.
Raine added to a Riuer that is ranke,
Perforce will force it ouerflow the banke.

Still she intreats, and pretily intreats :
For to a pretty care she tunes her tale :
Still he is fullen, still he lowres and frets,
Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashie pale ;
Being red she loues him best, and being white,
Her brest is bettered with a more delight.

Looke how he can, the cannot chuse but loue,
And by her faire immortall hand she sweares,
From his soft bosome neuer to remoue,
Till he take truce with her contending teares,
Which long haue rain'd, making her cheeks all wet,
And one sweet kisse shall pay this countlesse debt.

Vpon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a Diue-dapper peering through a waue,
Who being lookt on, ducks as quickly in :
So offers he to giue what she did craue,
But when his lips were ready for his pay,
He winkes and turnes his lips another way.

Neuer

V E N U S and A D O N I S.

Neuer did passenger in Summers heat
More thirst for drinke, than she for this good turne.
Her helpe she sees, but helpe she cannot get,
She bathes in water, yet in fire must burne :

Oh pittie gan she cry, flint-hearted boy,
Tis but a kisse I begge, why art thou coy ?

I haue beene woo'd, as I intreat thee now,
Euen by the sterne and direfull God of Warre,
Whose sinowy necke in battell ne're did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in euery iarre :
Yet hath he beene my captiue and my slaue,
And beg'd for that which thou vnaskt shalt haue.

ouer my Altars hath he hung his Launce,
His battred Shield, his vncontrolled Crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
To coy, to wanton, dally, smile and iest,
Scorning his churlish Drum, and Ensigne red,
Making my armes his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that ouer-rul'd, I ouer-sway'd,
Leading him prisoner in a red Rose chaine :
Strong tempred Steele, his stronger strength obey'd,
Yet was he seruile to my coy disdain.

Oh be not proud, nor bragge not of thy might,
For mastring her that foild the god of Fight.

Touch

VENUS and ADONIS.

Touch but my lips with those faire lips of thine,
(Though mine be not so faire, yet are they red)
The kisse shall be thine owne as well as mine.

What seest thou in the ground? hold vp thy head:
 Looke in mine eye-balls where thy beauty lies,
 Then why not lips on lips, since eyes on eyes?

Art thou asham'd to kisse, then winke againe,
And I will winke, so shall the day seeme night.
Loue keepes his reuels where there be but twaine:
Be hold to play, our sport is not in sight.

 These blew-vein'd Violets whereon we leane
 Neuer can blab, nor know they what we meane.

The tender Spring, vpon thy tempting lip,
Shewes thee vnripe; yet maist thou well be tasted:
Make vse of time, let not aduantage slip,
Beautie within it selfe should not be wasted.

 Faire flowers, that are not gathered in their prime,
 Rot and consume themselues in little time.

Were I hard-fauoured, foule, or wrinkled old,
Ill-natur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
Ore-worne, despised, rheumaticke and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, leane, and lacking ioyce,
 Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for
 But hauing no defects, why dost abhor me? (thee :
 Thou

V E N U S and A D O N I S.

Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow,
Mine eyes are gray, & bright, and quicke in turning :
My beauty as the spring doth yearely grow,
My flesh is soft and plumpe, my marrow burning :
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palme dissolue, or seeme to melt.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine eare,
Or like a Fairie trip vpon the Greene,
Or like a Nymph, with long disheuled haire,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seene.

Loue is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not grosse to sinke, but light, and will aspire.

Witness this primrose banke whereon I lie,
The forcelesse flowres like sturdy trees support me :
Two strengthlesse doves will draw me th'row the skie,
From morne till night, euen where I list to sport me.
Is loue so light, sweet Boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst thinke it heauie vnto thee.

Is thine owne heart to thine owne face affected ?
Can thy right hand seize loue vpon thy left ?
Then wooe thy selfe, be of thy selfe reiected,
Steale thine owne freedome, and complaine of theft.
Narcissus so himselfe, himselfe forsooke,
And dyed to kisse his shadow in the brooke.

Torche

V E N U S and *A D O N I S*.

Torehes are made to light, Iewels to weare,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the vse,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to beare:
Things growing to themselues are growths abuse.
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth
Thou wert begot, to get it is thy dury. (beauty,

Vpon the earths increase why shouldst thou feed,
Vnlesse the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of Nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may liue when thou thy selfe art dead:
And so in sight of death thou doest suruiue,
In that thy likenesse still is left aliue.

By this, the Loue-sicke Queene began to sweat,
For where they lay, the shadow had forsooke them,
And *Titan* tyred in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly ouer-looke them,
Wishing *Adonis* had his teame to guide,
So he were like him, and by *Venus* side.

And now *Adonis* with a lazic spright,
And with a heavy darke disliking eye,
His lowring browes, orewhelming his faire sight,
Like misty vapours when they blot the skie,
Sowing his cheekes, cries sic, no more of loue,
The Sunne doth burne my face, I must remoue.

Ay

V E N U S and A D O N I S.

Ay me (quoth *Venus*) young, and so vnkinde?
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone?
I'll sigh celestiall breath, whose gentle wind
Shall coole the heat of this descending Sunne.

I'll make a shadow for thee of my haire,
If they burne too, I'll quench them with my teares.

The Sunne that shines from heauen shines but warme,
And loe, I lie betweene the Sunne and thee:
The heat I haue from thence doth little harme,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me.
And were I not immortall life were done,
Betweene this heauenly and earthly Sunne.

Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as Steele?
Nay more than flint, for stone at raine relenteth,
Art thou a womans sonne, and canst not feelee
What tis to loue, how want of loue tormenteth?
O had thy mother borne so bad a minde,
She had not brought forth thee, but dyed vnkind.

What am I, that thou shouldst contemne me this?
Or what great danger dwels vpon my sure?
What were thy lips the worse for one poore kisse?
Speake Faire: but speake faire words or else be mute.
Giue me one kisse, I'll giue it thee againe,
And one for int'rest, if thou wilt haue twaine.

Fie,

V E N U S and A D O N I S.

Fie, liuelesse picture, cold and senselesse stone,
Well painted Idoll, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone :
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred,
Thou art no man, though of a mans complexion,
For men will kisse euen by their owne direction.

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth prouoke a pause,
Red cheekes and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong,
Being ludge in loue, she cannot right her cause;
And now she weeps, & now she faine would speake,
And now her sobs doe her intendments breake.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand ;
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground :
Sometimes her armes infold him like a band ;
She would, he will not in her armes be bound :
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her Lilly fingers one in one.

Fondling she saith, since I haue hemm'd thee here,
Within the circuit of this Iuory pale,
I'll be the Parke, and thou shalt be my Deere,
Feed where thou wilt, on mountaine or in dale ;
Graze on my lips, and if those hills be drie,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountaines lie.

Within

V E N U S and A D O N I S.

Within this limit is releefe enough,
Sweet bottome grasse, and high delightfull plaine,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from raine :

Then be my Deere since I am such a Parke,
No Dog shall rouze thee, though a thousand barke.

At this *Adonis* smiles as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a prettie dimple,
Loue made those hollowes : if himselfe were slaine,
He might be buried in a tombe so simple :

Fore-knowing well if there he came to lie,
Why there Loue liu'd, and there he could not die.

These louing caues, these round inchanting pits,
Opened their mouthes to swallow *Venus* liking :
Being made before, how doth she now for wits ?
Strooke dead at first, what needs a second striking ?
Poore Queene of loue, in thine owne law forlorne,
To loue a cheek that smiles at thee with scorne !

Now which way shall she turne ? what shall she say ?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing :
The time is spent, her obiekt will away,
And from her twining armes doth vrge releasing.

Pitty she cryes, some fauour, some remorse :
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But

V E N V S and A D O N I S.

But loe, from forth a Copp's that neighbours by,
A breeding Ienner, lustie, young, and proud,
Adonis trampling Courser doth espie,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:
The strong neckt Steed being tyed vnto a tree,
Breaketh his reine, and to her strait goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds:
And now his women girts he breakes asunder,
The bearing earth with his hard hoofe he wounds,
Whose hollow womberesounds like heauens thunder:
The iron bit he crushes 'twene his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His eares vp prickt his braided hanging mane
Vpon his compast Crest now stands an end:
His nostrils drinke the ayre, and forth againe,
As from a Furnace vapours doth he send:
His eye which soornfully glisters like fire,
Shewes his hot courage, and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots as if he told the steps,
With gentle maiesty, and modest pride,
Anon he reates vpright, curuets and leaps;
As who should say, loe, thus my strength is tride,
And thus I doe to captiuare the eye,
Of the faire breeder that is standing by.

What

THE NEWS and ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE

What recketh he his riders angry stir,
His flatt'ring Hollas, his Stand, Play,
What cares he now for curbe, or pricking spur,
For rich caparisons, or trapping gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees:
For nothing else with his proud light agrees.

Looke when a Painter would surpass the life,
In limming out a well proportion'd Steed,
His Art with Natures workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed
So did his horse excell a common one,
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round hoofs, short loyned, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad brest, full eyes, small head, and nostrill wide,
High crest, short eares, strait legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thicke taile, broad buttocke, tender hide?

Looke what a horse should haue he did not lacke,
Save a proud rider on so proud a backe!

Sometimes he fouds farre off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather:
To bid the wind a bace he now prepares,
And where he runne or lie they know not whether,
For through his mane and taile the high wind sings,
Fanning the haire, who waue like feather'd wings.

V E N U S and A D O N I S.

He lookes vpon his loue, and neighs vnto her:
 She answers him, as if she knew his minde:
 Being proud, as females are, to see him wooe her,
 She puts on outward strangeness, seems vnkinde,
 Spurnes at his loue, and scornes the heat he feeles,
 Beating his kinde embracements with her heeles.

Then like a melancholy male-content,
 He vailles his taile: that, like a falling plume,
 Coole shadow to his melting buttocks lent,
 He stamps, and bites the poore flies in his fume:
 His loue perceiuing how he is enrag'd,
 Grew kinder, and his fury was asswag'd.

His reastie master goes about to take him,
 When loe, the vnbackt breeder full of feare,
 Iealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
 With her the horse, and left Adonis there;
 As they were mad, vnto the wood they hie them,
 Out-stripping Crowes that strue to ouerfly them.

Allswolne with chafing, downe Adonis lies,
 Banning his boysterous and vnruely beast:
 And now the happie season once more lies,
 That loue-sicke Loe, by pleading may be blest,
 For louers say, The heart hath treble wrong,
 When it is hard the aidance of the tongue.

VENUS and ADONIS.

In Ouen that is stopt, or Riuer staid,
 Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage;
 Of concealed sorrow may be said;
 The vent of words lowes fire doth assuage:
 But when the hearts Atturney once is mured,
 The Client breaks, as desperate in his sute.
 He sees her comming, and begins to glow,
 As a dying coale reuiues with wind,
 And with his bonnet hides his angry brow,
 Lookes on the dull earth with disturbed minde,
 Taking no notice that she is so nee,
 For all asfance he holds her in his eye.

What a sight it was wistly to view,
 How she came stealing to the wayward boy,
 To note the fighting conflict of her brow,
 How white and red each other did destroy:
 But now her cheeke was pale, and by and by
 It flasht forth fire, and lightning from the skie.

Now was she iust before him as he sat,
 And like a lowly louer downe she kneeles,
 With one faire hand she heaueth vp his hat,
 Her other tender hand his faire cheekes feelles:
 His tender cheekes receiue her soft hands print,
 As apt as new-falne snow takes any dint.

V E N U S and A D O N I S.

Oh what a war of lookes was then betweene them?
 Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing,
 His eyes saw her eyes, as they had not scene them,
 Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
 And all this dumbe play had his acts made plaine,
 With teares which *Chorus*-like her eyes did raine.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
 A Lilly prison'd in a lalle of Snow,
 Or Iuory in an Alabaster band,
 So white a friend ingirts so white a foe:
 This beauctious combat, wilfull and vnwilling,
 Shew'd like so siluer Dones that sit a billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
 O fairest mouer on this mortall round,
 Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
 My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound:
 For one sweet looke my helpe I would assure thee,
 Though nothing but my bodies bane would cure

(thee.
 Giue me thy hand, (saith he) why dost thou feele it?
 Giue me my heart (saith she) and thou shalt haue it.
 O giue it me, lest thy hard heart doe steele it,
 And being steel'd, lest sighs can neuer graue it:
 Then loues deepe groanes I neuer shall regard.
 Because *Adonis* heart hath made mine hard.

V E N U S and A D O N I S.

For shame he cries let goe, and let me goe,
My dayes delight is past, my horse is gone,
And tis your fault I am bereft him him so,
I pray you hence, and leaue me here alone.

For all my minde, my thought, my busie care,
Is how to get my Palfrey from the March.

Thus she replies: Thy Palfrey, as she should,
Welcomes the warme approach of sweet desire;
Affection is a cole that must be coold;
Else suffered it will set the heart on fire.

The sea hath bounds, but deepe desire hath none,
Therefore no maruell though thy horse be gone.

How like a lade he stood, ride to a tree,
Seruilely mastred with a lethren reine;
But when he saw his loue, his youths faire see,
He held such pettie bondage in disdain,
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his backe, his brest.

Who sees his true loue in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hiew than white,
But when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aime at like delight:
Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold,
To touch the fire, the weather being cold.

V E N U S and A D O N I S.

Let me excuse thy Courser, gentle boy,
And learne of him I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented ioy, (the
Though I were dumbe, yet his proceedings teach
O learne to loue, the lesson is but plaine,
And once made perfect, neuer lost againe.

I know not loue (quoth he) nor will not know it,
Vnlesse it be a Boare, and then I chase it.
Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it,
My loue to loue, is loue but to disgrace it,
For I haue heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath
Who weares a garment shaplesse and vnfinisht?
Who plucks the bud before one leafe put forth?
If springing things be any iot diminisht,
They wither in their prime, proue nothing worth:
The Colt that's backt, and burthen'd being young
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

You hurt my hand with wringing: let us part,
And leaue this idle theme, this bootlesse char,
Remoue your siege from my vnyeelding heart,
To loues alarme it will not ope the gate: (flatter
Dismiss your vowes, your fained teares, your
For where a heart is hard, they make no battry.

W

VENUS and ADONIS.

What, canst thou raile (quoth she) hast thou a tongue?
O would thou hadst none, or I had no hearing!
Thy Mermaids voice hath done me double wrong:
I had my load before, now prest with bearing,
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh sounding,
Earths deepe sweet musicke, and hearts deepe sore
(wounding.

Had I no eyes but eares, my eares would loue
That inward beutie, and inuisible:
Or were I deafe, thy outward parts would moue
Each part in me that were but sensible,
Though neither eyes nor eares to heare nor see,
Yet should I be in loue, by touching thee.

Say that the sense of reason were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor heare, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were let me,
Yet would my loue to thee be still as much,
For from the Stillitory of thy face excelling, (ling.
Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth loue by smell.

But oh, what banquet wert thou to the tast,
Being nurse and feeder of the other sence?
Would they not wish the feast should euer last,
And bid suspicion double locke the doore;
Lest ieaousie, that sowre vnwelcome guest,
Should by stealing in disturbe the feast.

V E N U S and A D R O W I S .

Once more the ruby-colour'd Portall openeth,
Which to his speech did honey passage yeeld
Like a red mornie that euer yet becometh
Wracke to the Sea-man, tempest to the field,
Gallow to Shepherds, woe vnto the birds,
Gust and foule flawses to herdmen and to heards.

This ill presage aduisedly she marketh,
Euen as the wind is hush't before it raineth,
Or as the Wolfe doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the Berry breakes before it staineth:
Or like the deadly bullet of a Gun,
His meaning stroke her, ere his words begun,

And at his looke she flatly falleth downe,
For lookes kill loue, and loue by lookes reuiueth:
A smile recures the wounding of a frowne,
But blessed bankrupt that by loue so thriueth:
The silly boy beleeuing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheeke, till clapping makes it red.

And in a maze brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did thinke to reprehend her:
Which cunning loue did wittily preuent.
Faile full the wit that can so well defend her:
For on the grasse she lies as she were slaine,
Till his breath breathech life in her againe.

He

V E N U S and A D O N I S.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheekes,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips, a thousand wayes he seekes
To mend the hurt that his vnkindnesse mard,
He kisses her, and she, by her good will,
Will neuer rise, so he will kisse her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day,
Her two blew windowes faintly she vp heaueth:—
Like the faire Sunne, when in his fresh array,
He cheeres the morne, and all the world releueth:
And as the bright Sunne glorifies the skie,
So is her face illumin'd with her eye.

Whose beames ypon his hairelesse face are fixt,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine:
Were neuer foure such lamps together mixt,
Had not his clouded, with his browes repine: (light,
But hers, which through the Chrystall reares gauc
Shone like the Moone in water scene by night.

O where am I (quoth she) in earth or heauen,
Or in the Ocean drencht, or in the fire?
What houre is this, or morne, or weary euen?
Doe I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I liu'd, and life was deaths annoy:
But now I di'd, and death was lively ioy.

V E N U S and A D O N I S.

O thou didst kill me, kill me once againe.
Thy eyes, shrew'd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornfull tricks, and such disdain,
That they haue murthered this poore heart of mine:
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their Queene,
But for thy pitious lips no more had seene.

Long may they kisse each other for this cure:
Oh neuer let their crimson liueries weare,
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To driue infection from the dangerous yeare;
That the Star-gazers hauing writ on death,
May say, the plague is banisht by thy breath.

Pure lips, sweet scales, in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargaines may I make still to be sealling?
To sell my selfe I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and vse good dealing:
Which purchase if thou make, for feare of slips,
Set thy scale manuell on my wax-red lips.

A thousand kisses buyes my heart from me,
And pay them at thy leasure one by one.
What is ten hundred kisses vnto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
Say for non-payment that the debt should double;
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?

Faire

V E N U S and A D O N I S.

Faire Queene (quoth he) if any loue you owe me,
Measure my strangenesse with my vnripe yeares.
Before I know my selfe, seeke not to know me:
No Fisher but the vngrowne fric forbears,
The mellow plum doth fall, the greene sticks fast,
Or being early pluckt, is sowre to taste.

Looke, the worlds comforter, with wearie gate,
His dayes hot taske hath ended in the West,
The Owle (nights Herald) shreokes, tis very late,
The sheepe are gone to fold, birds to their nest,
The coleblacke clouds that shadow heauens light,
Doe summon us to part, and bid good night.

Now let me say good night, and so say you:
If you will say so, you shall haue a kisse.
Good night (quoth she) and ere he sayes adue,
The honey fee of parting tendred is;
Her armes doe lend his necke a sweet embrace,
Incorporate then they seeme, face growes to face.

Till breathlesse he dis-ioynd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet corall mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirstie lips well knew,
Whereon they surfet, yet complaine on drouth.
He with her plentie prest, she faint with dearrh,
Their lips together glew'd, fall to the earth.

Now

V E N U S and A D O N I S.

Now quicke desire hath caught her yeelding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet neuer filleth,
Her lips are conquerours, his lips obey,
Paying what ransome the insulter willeth,
Whose vultur thought doth pitch the price so hie,
That she will draw his lips rich treasure dry.

And hauing felt the sweetnesse of the spoile,
With blind-fold fury she begins to forrage,
Her face doth reeke and smoke, her bloud doth boyle,
And carelesse lust stirres vp a desperate courage:
Planting obliuion, beating reason backe,
Forgetting shames pure blush, and honours wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot Roe, that's tir'd with chasing,
Or like the froward Infant stild with dandling.
He now obeyes, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolues with tempring,
And yeelds at last to every light impression
Things out of hope are compass oft with ventring,
Chiefly in loue, whose leaue exceeds commission:
Affection faints not like a pale fac'd coward, (ward.
But then woo's best, when most his choiet is fro.

When

V E N V S and A D O N I S.

When he did frowne, ô had she then gaue ouer;
Such Nectar from his lips she had not suckt;
Foule words and frownes must not repell a Louer;
What though the Rose haue pricks: yet is it pluckt.
Were beaurtie vnder twentie locks kept fast,
Yet loue breaks through, and picks them all at last.

For pittie now she can no more detaine him;
The poore foole prayes her that he may depart:
She is resolu'd no longer to restraine him;
Bids him farewell, and looke well to her heart,
The which by *Cupids* bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incaged in his brest.

Sweet boy, she sayes, this night he waste in sorrow,
For my sicke heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, loues master, shall we meet to morrow?
Say, shall we, shall we, wilt thou make the match?
He tels her no, to morrow he intends
To hunt the Boare with certaine of his friends.

The Boare (quoth she) whereat a sudden pale,
Like Lawne being spread vpon the blushing Rose,
Vsurps her cheeks, she trembles at his tale,
And on his necke her yoking armes she throwes,
She sinketh downe, still hanging on his necke,
He on her belly falls, she on her backe.

Now

V E N U S and A D O N I S.

Now is she in the very lists of loue,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary shee doth proue,
He will not manage her although he mount her:
That worse than *Tantalus* is her annoy,
To clip *Elysium*, and to lacke her ioy.

Euen as poore birds, deceiu'd with painted grapes,
Doe surfet by the eye, and pine the maw;
Euen so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poore birds, that helpelesse berries saw;
The warme effects which she in him finds missing,
She seekes to kindle with continuall kissing.

But all in vaine: good Queene, it will not be,
She hath assaid as much as may be prou'd,
Her pleading hath deseru'd a greater fee:
Shee's loue, she loues, and yet she is not lou'd,
Fie, fie, he sayes, you crush me, let me goe;
You haue no reason to with-hold me so.

Thou hadst bin gone (quoth she) sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou toldst me thou wouldst hunt the Bore:
O be aduis'd, thou know'st not what it is,
With Iauelins point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tuskes neuer sheath'd, he whetted still,
Like to a mortall Burcher bent to kill.

V E N V S and A D O N Y S.

On his bow backe he hath a battle set,
Of bristly pikes, that euer threat his foes,
His eyes like Glow-wormes shine when he doth fret,
His snowt digs sepulchers where ere he goes:

Being mou'd he strikes what ere is in his way:
And whom he strikes his crooked rushes slay.

His brawnie sides with hairie bristles armed,
Are better prooffe than thy speares point can enter,
His short thicke necke cannot be easily harmed,
Being irefull, on the Lyon he will venter:

The thornie brambles, and embracing bushes,
As fearefull of him, part, through whom he rushes.

Alas he naught esteemes that face of thine,
To which Lones eye payes tributary gazes,
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and Chrystall eyne,
Whosefull perfection all the world amazes;

But hauing thee at vantage (wondrous dread!)
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

O let him keepe his lothsome cabin still:
Beautie hath nought to doe with such foule fiends,
Come not within his danger by thy will,
They that thrive well take counsell of their friends.

When thou didst name the Boare, not to dissemble;
I fear'd thy fortune, and my ioynts did tremble.

Didst

V E N U S and A D O N I S. 11

Didst thou not marke my face? was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signes of feare lurke in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downe right
Within my bosome, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But like an earth-quake shakes thee on my breast.

For where loue raignes, disturbing jealousie
Doth call himselfe affections Centinell,
Giues false alarmes, suggesteth mutinie,
And in a peacefull houre doth cry, Kill, Kill,
Distemp'ring gentle loue with his desire,
As ayre and water doth abate the fire.

This sowre informer, this bare-breeding spie,
This canker that eats vp loues tender spring,
This carry tale, dissentions jealousie,
That sometimes true newes, sometime false doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine eare,
That if I loue thee, I thy death should feare.

And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry chafing Boare,
Vnder whose sharpe fangs, on his backe doth lie
An image like thy selfe, all staine with gore,
Whose bloud ypon the fresh flowers being shed,
Doth make the droop with griefe, & hang the head.

What

What

V E N U S and A D O N I S.

What should I doe? seeing thee so indeed,
That trembling at th' imagination,
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And feare doth teach it dinination;
I prophetic thy death, my liuing sorrow,
If thou encounter with the Boare to morrow.
But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying Hare,
Or at the Fox which liues by subtleties,
Or at the Roe which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearefull creatures o're the downes,
And on thy wel-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.
And when thou hast on foot the purblinde Hare,
Marke the poore wretch, to ouerthut his troubles,
How he out-runs the winde, and with what care,
He crankes and crosses with a thousand doubles:
The many musits through the which he goes,
Are like a labyrinth t' amaze his foes.
Sometime he runs among the flocke of sheepe,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-deluing Conies keepe,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell,
And sometime sorteth with a heard of Deere:
Danger deuileth shifts, wit waits on feare.

C

For

V E N U S and A D O N I S.

For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot sent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous crie till they haue singled
With much adoe the cold fault cleanly out.

Then doe they spend their mouthis, eccho replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

By this, poore *Wat* farre off vpon a hill
Stands on his hinder legs with listning care,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still :
Anon their loud alarums he doth heare,
And now his grieve may be compared well
To one sore sicke, that heares the passing Bell.

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabled wretch
Turne and returne, indenting with the way :
Each enuious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay.
For miserie is trodden on by many;
And being low, neuer releeu'd by any.

Lie quietly, and heare a little more,
Nay doe not struggle, for thou shalt not rise,
To make thee hate the hunting of the Boare,
Vnlike my selfe thou hear'st mee moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so ;
For loue can comment vpon euery woe.

When

V E N U S and A D O N I S.

Where did I leaue? No matter where (quoth he)
Leaue mee, and then the Story aptly ends:

The night is spent. Why what of that (quoth she?)

I am (quoth he) expected of my friends.

And now tis darke, and going I shall fall:

In night (quoth she) desire fees best of all.

But if thou fall, oh, then imagine this,

The earth in loue with thee, thy footing trips,

And all is but to rob thee of a kisse.

Rich preyes make rich men theeuers: so doe thy lips

Make modest *Diane* cloudie and forlorne,

Lest she should steale a kisse and die forsworne.

Now of this darke night I perceiue the reason,

Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,

Till forging *Nature* be condemn'd of treason,

For stealing moulds from heauen that were diuine,

Wherein she fram'd thee in his heauens despight,

To shame the Sunne by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies,

To croffe the curious workmanship of Nature,

To mingle beautie with infirmities,

And pure perfection with impure defeature,

Making it subiect to the tyrannie

Of sad mischances and much miserie.

V E N U S and A D O N I S.

As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating sicknesse, whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfers, impostumes, griefe and damn'd despaire,
Swear Natures death for framing thee so faire.

And not the least of all these maladies,
But in one minutes light brings beautie under:
Both fauour, fauour, hiew and qualities,
Whereat th'imperiall gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd and done,
As mountaine snow melts with the mid-day Sun.

Therefore, despight of fruitlesse chasticie,
Loue-lacking *Vellats*, and selfe-louing *Nunnes*,
That on the earth would breed a scarcitie,
And barren dearth of daughters and of sonnes,
Be prodigall: the lampe that burnes by night,
Dries vp his oyle, to lend the world his light.

What is thy body, but a swallowing graue,
Seeming to bury that posteritie,
Which by the rights of time thou needs must haue,
If thou destroy them not in their obscuritie?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so faire a hope is slaine.

V E N U S and A D O N I S.

So in thy selfe thy selfe art made away,
A mischief worse than ciuill homebred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves doe slay,
Or butchers Sire, that reaues his sonne of life.

Foule cankering rust the hidden treasure frets:
But Gold that's put to vse more Gold begets.

Nay then, quoth *Adon*, you will fall againe
Into your idle over-handled Theame,
The kisse I gaue you is bestow'd in vaine,
And all in vaine you strue against the streame.

For by this black-fac't night, desires foule nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

If loue hath lent you twentie thousand tongues,
And euery tongue more mouing than your owne,
Bewitching like the wanton Mermaides songs,
Yet from mine eare the tempting tune is blowne.

For know, my heart stands armed in my eare,
And will not let a false sound enter there:

Lest the deceiuing harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my brest,
And then my little heart were quite vnuse,
In his bed-chamber to be bard of rest:

No Lady, no: my heart longs not to grone,
But soundly sleepest, while now it sleeps alone.

V E N U S and A D O N I S.

What haue you vrg'd that I cannot reprove ?

The path is smooth that leadeth vnto danger.

I hate not loue, but your deuice in loue,

That lends embracements vnto euey stranger.

You doe it for increase : O strange excuse !

When reason is the Bawd to lusts abuse.

Call it not loue, for loue to heauen is fled,

Since sweating lust on earth vsurpt his name ;

Vnder whose simple semblance he hath fed,

Vpon fresh beautie, blotting it with blame ;

Which the hot tyrant stains, and soone bereaues,

As Caterpillers doe the tender leaues.

Loue comforteth like Sun-shine after raine :

But lusts effect is tempest after Sunne.

Loues gentle spring doth alwayes fresh remaine :

Lusts Winter comes, ere Summer halfe be done.

Loue surfets not : lusts like a glutton dies.

Loue is all truth : lust full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not say ;

The Text is old, the Oratour too Greene ;

Therefore in sadnesse now I will away,

My face is full of shame, my heart of teene ;

Mine eares that to your wanton talke attended,

Doc burne themselves for hauing so offended.

With

V E N U S and A D O N I S.

With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those faire armes which bound him to her brest,
And homeward through the darke lawnes runs apace,
Leaues loue vpon her backe deeply distrest.

Looke how a bright starre shooterh from the skie,
So glides he in the night from *Venus* eye.

Which after him she darts, as one on shore,
Gazing vpon a late embarked friend,
Till the wilde waues will haue him seene no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
So did the mercilesse and pitchie night,
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that vnaware
Hath dropt a precious iewell in the flood,
Or 'stonisht as right-wanderers often are,
Their light blowne out in some mistrustfull wood:
Euen so confounded in the darke she lay,
Hauing lost the faire discouery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groanes,
That all the neighbour caues as seeming troubled,
Make verball repetition of her moanes;
Passion, on passion, deeply is redoubled:
Aye me, she cryes, and twentie times woe, woe,
And twentie ecchoes twentie times cry so.

V E N U S and A D O N I S.

She marking them, begins a wailing note.
And sings extemp'rally a woefull dittie,
How loue makes young men thrall and old men dote,
How loue is wise in folly, foolish wittie:

Her heauie antheme still concludes in woe,
And still the Quire of Ecchoes answers so.

Her song was tedious, and out-wore the night,
For loners houres are long, though seeming short:
If pleas'd themselves, others they thinke delight
In such like circumstance, with such like sport.

Their copious Stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are neuer done.

For who hath she to spend the night withall
But idle sounds, resembling Parasites,
Like shrill-tongu'd Tapsters answering euery call,
Soothing the humour of fantastlicke wits?

She said, Tis so: they answer all, Tis so:
And would say after her, if she said no.

Loe here the gentle Larke, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts vp on high,
And wakes the morning from whose silver brest
The Sunne ariseth in his maiestie:

Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That Cedar tops and hills seeme burnisht gold.

Venus

V E N U S and A D O N I S.

Venus salutes him with this faire good morrow;
O thou cleere God, and Patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beautilous influence that makes him bright,
There lins a son, that suckt an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.

This said, she hasteth to a Mirtile groue,
Musing the morning is so much ore-worne,
And yet she heares no tidings of her loue,
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horne:
Anon she heares them chaunt it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry;

And as she runnes, the bushes in the way,
Some catch her by the necke, some kisse her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay,
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch Doe, whose swelling dugs doe ake,
Hasting to feed her fawne hid in some brake.

By this, she heares the Hounds are at a bay,
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an Adder,
Wreath'd up in fatall folds iust in his way,
The feare whereof doth make him shake and shudder:
Euen so the timorous yelping of the Hounds,
Appals her senses, and her spirit confounds.

For

V E N U S and A D O N I S.

For now she knowes it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt Boare, rough Beare, or Lion proud:
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearefully the dogs exclaime aloud:
Finding their enemie to be so cuist,
They all straine curt sic who shall cope him first.

This dismall cry rings sadly in her eare,
Through which it enters to surprize her heart:
Who ouercome by doubt and bloudlesse feare,
With cold pale weaknesse numbs each feeling part:
Like Souldiers when their Captaine once doth
They basely flie, and dare not stay the field. (yeeld,

Thus stands she in a trembling extasie,
Till sheering vp her senses sore dismaid,
She tels them tis a causelesse fantasie,
And childish error that they are afraid, (more:
Bids them leaue quaking, will's them feare no
And with that word she spide the hunted Boare:

Whose frothy mouth bepainted all with red,
Like milke and bloud being mingled both together,
A second feare through all her sinewes spred,
Which madly hurries her she knowes not whither:
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But backe retires to rate the Boare for murder.

V E N U S and A D O N I S.

A thousand spleenes beare her a thousand wayes,
She treads the paths that she vntreads againe,
Her more than haste is marred with delayes,
Like the proceedings of a drunken braine,
Full of respect, yet nought at all respecting;
In hand with all things, nought at all affecting.

Here kenneld in a brake she finds an hound,
And askes the weary Caitife for his Master,
And there another licking of his wound,
Gainst venom'd fores the onely soveraigne plaister,
And here she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he had ceast his ill resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner blacke and grim,
Against the welkin vollies out his voice,
Another and another answer him,
Clapping their proud tailes to the ground below,
Shaking their scratcht eares, bleeding as they goe.

Looke how the worlds poore people are amazed
At apparitions, signes, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearfull eyes they long haue gazed,
Infusing them with dreadfull prophécies :

So she at these sad signes drawes vp her breath,
And sighing it againe, exclaines on death.

Hard-

V E N U S and A D O N I S.

Hard-fauoured Tyrant, vgly, meagre, leane,
Hatefull diuorce of loue (thus chides she Death)
Grim-grinning ghost, earths worrne, what dost thou
To stifle beautie, and to steale his breath ? (meane
Who when he lin'd, his breath and beautie set
Glosse on the Rose, smell to the Violet.

If he be dead, O no: it cannot be,
Secing his beautie, thou shouldst strike at it.
O yes, it may: thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at randome dost thou hit.

Thy marke is feeble age; but thy false dart
Mistakes that aime, and cleaues an infants hart.

Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And hearing him, thy power had lost his power:
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke,
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluckst a flower:
Loues golden arrow at him should haue fled,
And not Deaths Ebon dart to strike him dead.

Dost thou drinke teares, that thou prouok'st such weep?
What may a heauie groane aduantage thee? (ping?
Why hast thou cast into eternall sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now nature cares not for thy mortall vigour,
Since her best worke is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here

V E N U S and A D O N I S.

Here overcome, as one full of despaire,
She vail'd her eye-lids, who like fluces stopt
The chrystall tide, that from her two cheekes faire,
In the sweet channell of her bosome dropt. (raine,
But through the floud-gates breakes the filuer.
And with his strong course opens them againe.

O how her eyes and teares did lend and borrow!
Her eyes seene in her teares, teares in her eye,
Both chrystals, where they view'd each others sorrow,
Sorrow, that friendly fights sought still to drie:
But like a stormy day, now wind, now raine,
Sighs drie her cheeks, tears make them wet againe.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striuing which should best become her griefe.
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That euery present sorrow seemeth chiefe:
But none is best: then ioyne they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foule weather.

By this, far off, she heares some Huntsman hollow:
A nurses song ne're pleas'd her babe so well:
The dire imagination, she did follow,
This sound of hope doth labour to expell:
For now reuiuing ioy bids her reioyce,
And flatters her, it is ~~Adonis~~ voice.

Where-

V E N U S and A D O N I S.

Whereat her teares began to turne their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye, like pearles in glasse:
Yet sometime fals an orient drop beside,
Which her checke melts: as scorning it should passe
To wash the foule face of the fluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard beleeuing loue, how strange it seemes
Not to belecue, and yet too credulous!
Thy weale and woe, are both of them extremes,
Despaire and hope make thee ridiculous:
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts vnlikely,
With likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she vnweaues the web that she had wrought,
Adonis liues; and Death is not to blame:
It was not she that cal'd him all to nought,
Now she addes honour to his hatefull name;
She cleeps him King of graues, and graue for
Imperiall Supreme of all mortall things. (Kings,

No, no (quoth she) sweet Death, I did but iest;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kinde of feare,
When as I met the Boare that bloody beast,
Which knowes no pittie; but is still seuer:
Then gentle shadow (truth I must confesse)
I raild on thee fearing my *Loues* decesse.

V E N U S and A D O N I S.

Tis not my fault: the Boare prouok't my tongue,
Be wreakt on him (Inuisible commander)
Tis he, foule creature, that hath done thee wrong,
I did but act, he's author of thy slander.

Griefe hath two tongues, and neuer woman yet
Could rule them both without ten womens wit.

Thus hoping that *Adonis* is alieue,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate:
And that his beautie may the better thrue,
With death she humbly doth insinuate;
Tels him of Trophies, Statues, Tombs, and Stories,
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

O *lone*, quoth she, how much a foole was I,
To be of such a weake and silly minde,
To waile his death, who liues, and must not die,
Till mutuall ouerthrow of mortall kinde!
For he being dead, with him is beautie flaine,
And beautie dead, blaeke *Chaos* comes againe.

Fie, fie, fond loue, thou art so full of feare,
As one with treasure laden, hem'd with theeues
Trifles: (vnwitnessed with eye or eare)
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieues:
Euen at this word she heares a merry horne,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorne.

As

V E N U S and A D O N I S.

As Falcon to the lure, away she flies:
The grasse stoops not, she treads on it so light,
And in her haste vnfortunately spies
The foule Boares conquest on her faire Delight.
Which scene, her eyes, as mured with the view,
Like stars asham'd of day, themselues withdrow.

Or as the Snaile, whose tender hornes being hir,
Shrinks backward in his shelly caue with paine,
And there all smothered vp in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creepe forth againe:
So at his bloody view her eyes are fled,
Into the deepe darke cabins of her head.

Where they resigne their office and their light,
To the disposing of her troubled braine:
Who bids them still consort with vgly night,
And neuer wound the heart with lookes againe,
Who like a King perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestions giues a deadly grone.

Whereat each tributary subiect quakes,
As when the wind imprisoned in the ground,
Strugling for passage, earths foundation shakes,
Which with cold terrour doth mens minds confound.
This mutiny each part doth so surprise, (eyes.
That from their darke beds once more leape her
And

V E N U S and A D O N I S. 37

And, being opened, threw vnwilling sighs
Vpon the wide wound that the Boare had trencht
In his soft flanke: whose wonted Lilly White
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drencht:
No flowre was nigh, no grasse, herb, leafe or weed,
But stole his blond, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemae sympathie poore *Venus* noteth,
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head,
Dumbly she passions, tranrickly she doteth,
She thinkes he could not die, he is not dead:
Her voice is stopt, her ioynts forget to bow,
Her eyes are mad, that they haue wept till now.

Vpon his hurt she lookes so stedfastly,
That her sight dazling makes the wound seeme three,
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes, where no breach should be:
His face seems twaine, each senerall lim is doubled,
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

My tongue cannot expresse my grieue for one;
And yet (quoth she) behold two dead as one:
My sighs are blowne away, my salt teares gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead.
Heavy hearts lead me, that mine eyes see fast:
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

D

Alas

V E N V S and *A D O N I S*.

Alas, poore world, what treasure hast thou lost?
What face remains aliue that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is musicke now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim:
But true sweet beautie liu'd and di'd in him.

Bonnet, or veile, henceforth no creature weare;
Nor Sun nor Wind will euer strue to kisse you:
Hauing no faire to lose, you need not feare;
The Sun doth scorne you, & the wind doth hiss you:
But when *Adonis* liu'd, Sun and sharpe aire
Lurk like two theeves, to rob him of his faire.

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Vnder whose brim the gawdie Sun would peepe;
The wind would blow it off, and being gone,
Play with his locks, then would *Adonis* weepe:
And straight in pittie of his tender yeares, (teares.
They both would strue who first should dry his
To see his face, the Lion walkt along
Behind some hedge, because he would not feare him:
To recreate himselfe when he hath sung,
The Tygre would be tame, and gently heare him:
If he had spoke, the Wolfe would leaue his prey,
And neuer fright the silly Lambe that day.

When

V E N U S and A D O N I S.

When he beheld his shadow in a Brooke,
Their fishes spred on it their golden gills:
When he was by, the birds such pleasure tooke,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him Mulberries, & ripe red Cherries
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

But this foule, grim, and vchyn-snouted Boare,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a graue,
Ne're saw the beaurious liuery that he wore;
Witnesse the entertainment that he gaue:
If he did see his face, why then, I know,
He thought to kisse him, and hath kild him so.

Tis true, true, true, thus was *Adonis* slaine,
He ran vpon the Boare with his sharpe speare,
Who would not whet his teeth at him againe,
But by a kisse thought to perswade him there:
And nouling in his flanke, the louing Swine
Sheath'd vnaware his tuske in his soft groine.

Had I beene tooth'd like him, I must confesse,
With kissing him I should haue kild him first:
But he is dead, and neuer did he blesse
My mouth with his; the more I am accurst:
With this she fallth in the place she stood,
And staines her face with his congealed bloud.

D a

She

V E N U S and A D O N I S.

She lookes vpon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his eare a heauy tale,
As if he heard the wofull words she told:
She lifts the coffer lids that close his eyes,
Where loe, two lamps burnt out, in darknesse lies.

Two glassees, where her selfe her selfe beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect,
Their vertue lost, wherein they late exceld,
And euery beautie rob'd of his effect:

Wonder of time (quoth she) this is my spight,
That you being dead, the day should yet be light.

Since thou art dead, loe here I prophesie,
Sorrow on loue hereafter shall attend:
It shall be waited on with ieaalousie,
Find sweet beginning, but vnfaourie end,
Nere settled equally, too high or low;
That all loues pleasure shall not match his woe.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
And shall be blasted in a breathing while,
The bottome poison, and the top ore-straw'd
With sweets; that shall the sharpest sight beguile.
The strongest body shall it make most weake,
Strike the wise dumbe, & teach the foole to speake.

It

V E N V S and A D O N I S.

It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
The staring Ruffian shall it keepe in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, inrich the poore with treasures,
It shall be raging mad, and silly milde,
Make the young old, the old become a childe.

It shall suspect, where is no cause of feare;
It shall not feare, where it should most mistrust;
It shall be mercifull, and too seuer, .
And most deceiuing, when it seemes most iust:
Peruerse it shall be, when it seemes most toward,
Put feare to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of warre, and dire euent,
And set dissention twixt the sonne and fire,
Subiect and seruile to all discontents,
As drie combustious matter is to fire:
Sith in his prime, death doth my loue destroy,
They that loue best, their loue shall not enioy.

By this, the Boy that by her side lay kild,
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his bloud that on the ground lay spild,
A purple flowre sprang vp checkred with white,
Resembling well his pale cheekes and the bloud
Which in round drops vpon their whitenes flood.

She

V E N U S and A D O N I S.

She bowes her head, the new-sprung flowre to smell,
Comparing it to her *Adonis* breath:
And sayes, within her bosome it shall dwell,
Since he himselfe is rest from her by death:
She crops the stalke, and in the breach appears
Green-dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

Poore flowre (quoth she) this was thy fathers guise,
(Sweet issue of a more sweet smelling Sire)
For euery little grieffe to wet his eyes,
To grow vnto himselfe was his desire,
And so tis thine: but know, it is as good
To wither in my brest, as in his blood.

Here was thy fathers bed, here is my brest,
Thou art the next of blood, and tis thy right:
Loe, in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rocke thee day and night:
There shall not be one minute of an houre,
Wherein I will not kisse my sweet Loues flowre.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her siluer Doues, by whose swift ayd
Their Mistris mounted, through the emptie skies
In her light Chariot quickly is conueyd,
Holding their course to *Paphos*, where their Queen
Meanes to immure her selfe, and not be scene.

F I N I S.

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Shakespeare